11-27-1919

# Connecticut College News Vol. 5 No. 8

Connecticut College

# Connecticut College News

Vol. 5 No. 8 NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, NOVEMBER 27, 1919 Price 5 Cents

## MR. POWYS SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION

Mr. Powys, the English author, whom we had the pleasure of hearing last year, gave an interesting lecture Tuesday at Convocation on "The Landmarks of Modern Literature." According to him, the European writer who is most prominently before the American public today is Ibanez. His book, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," has been widely read since it was translated but is far inferior to others less well known. All of his works are obective, materialistic and lacking in shading. "In the Shadow of the Cathedral," Mr. Powys considered far better. He finds in it a great power of description. A profound and strange religion seems to come from the soul of Spain in this book. The author takes an original, unique, and mystical attitude toward life, but is more of a rhetorician than a real artist.

Gabriele d'Annunzio is the "best advertised" of the European writers at present. He seems to Mr. Powys to be a spirit from the Renaissance. He led the Italians into this present war and is now defying the world to take the Dalmatian Coast from Italy. He has always been a man of action and makes even his own life a sort of drama. His books bring out his heathen and pagan ideas. "The Flame of Life" is a cruel book of tortures, outrages, and exposures of his own soul In "The Triumph of Death," the author sacrifices everything to physical beauty. The one feature most conspicuously lacking in all of d'Annunzio's work, from the English point of view, is humor. He, too, is greatest as a rhetorician.

The effect of Louis Couperus, a Hollander, is directly opposite to that of the above authors. He teaches the readers to become more considerate, kind, and tender to all kinds of neurotic people. All of the Dutch scenery, as for example, the dykes, the canals, the muddy and flat country, and the mist play a great part in his works. Courperus is really a spiritual artist Some of his works are "Dr. Adrian," Little Souls," "Old People and Things that Pass," "The Later Life" and "The Twilight of the Souls."

Anatole France is by far the best living French writer. He is purely classical. He has the peculiar aristosratic dignity and reserve of the antique world. His attitude toward Christianity is humorous and patronizing. Many of his ideas are purely Platonic.

Among the numerous English authors, Mr. Powys considers Thomas Hardy as the best. He is already classic. A sort of mystery of life, a fatalism, and the eternal passions of men and women are expressed in all his works.

D. M. P. '21.

## SOPHOMORES WIN HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP

The hockey match, between the Juniors and the Sophomores, took place Saturday, the twenty-second of November. The game was an exciting one and unusually good playing was done on both sides. At the end of the first half the score was even, two-all. The enthusiasm of the on-lookers and of the players themselves had reached a high pitch. Each side felt confident that theirs would be the honor of claiming the winning team. The final score showed a victory for the Sophomores, six to two. The Sophomore class proved also to be the winner of the soccer game, and now stands a fair chance of winning the silver cup, awarded to the class which receives the highest number of points during the year.

K. F. '23.

## RESPECTIVE VISITORS ON CAMPUS

The Convocation speakers who have been secured for the winter months are:

December:

Tuesday, 2nd. Dr. Edward Devine, "Our New Horizons."

Tuesday, 16th. Prof. R. F. Alfred Hoernle of Harvard University, "The Trade Union College of Boston."

January:

Tuesday, 6th. Mr. Gilbert Carenan.

Tuesday, 13th. Prof. Talcott Williams of the School of Journalism, Columbia University.

Tuesday, 20th. Mr. Ettore Cadorin. 5 p m. "The Italian Renaissance As Italian Artist Feels It."

7:30 p. m. "The Art of Italy's Newly Redeemed Countries."

February:

Tuesday, 10th. Miss Florence Tuttle, "The Intercollegiate Community Service Association."

Tuesday, 17th. Prof. Charles B. Davenport, "Eugenics."

Tuesday, 24th. Prof Lillian Welch, "American Women in Science."

March:

Tuesday, 16th. Dr. Horace J. Bridges, "Compulsory National Service in a World of Peace." Conference, 7:30.

Tuesday, 23rd. Dr. Edward Steiner of Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

April:

Tuesday, 13th. Mr. George W. Coleman, "The Open Forum Movement."

Tuesday, 20th. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York City.

May:

Tuesday, 4th. Dr. Raymond Calkins of Cambridge, Mass.

Tuesday, 11th. Dean Sarah L. Arnold of Simmons College, Boston, Mass

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTION ON CAMPUS

The Spanish play, "Noche de Mayo," which the Spanish Club intends to present the evening of December sixth has already aroused considerable interest among the students. This will be the initial production of the Spanish Club, a fact which alone would solicit the attention of everyone because of the rapid growth and progress of the club. But most of all the play attracts attention because its author is none other than Senor Barja, and the presentation will be its first appearance. The cast for the play is as follows:

**Noche de Mayo**

Juguete comico en dos caudros

Personajes: Actores:
Florista ..... Senorita Lindvall
Poeta ..... Senorita Buller
Rosita ..... Senorita Collins
Carlos ..... Senorita Carlsson
Don Antonio (padre de Rosita)...
..... Senorita Leahy
Don Joaquin (padre de Carlos) ....
..... Senorita Flaherty

Grupo de Senoritas:
Senorita 1 ..... Senorita Wheeler
Senorita 2 ..... Senorita Bynon
Senorita 3 ..... Senorita Perry
Senorita 4 ..... Senorita Tuthill
Senorita 5 ..... Senorita Wholey
Senorita 6 ..... Senorita Miller
Senorita 7 ..... Senorita Dean

Compania de Gitanas:
Gitana (cantora).Senorita Barkerding
Gitana (bailarina).....Senorita Dean
Gitana (bailarina)..Senorita Costigan
Gitana (bailarina)....Senorita Culver

Grupo de jovenes para baile de fantasia:
1 ..... Senorita Perry
2 ..... Senorita Wheeler
3 ..... Senorita Miller
4 ..... Senorita Lanterman

## 'BUS SERVICE

For the benefit of college girls living off campus a new convenience in the form of 'bus service has been inaugurated. Heretofore the girls have experienced much difficulty in getting to and from classes owing to the unsatisfactory trolley schedule. The bus is an experiment and will not be a permanent feature unless it is found to answer the need. The fare now charged is ten cents, however, the liberal patronage of the college girls will reduce it to the regular rate of five cents.

The use of the bus is by no means limited to girls living off campus. All others are urged to avail themselves of it. Special effort is being made to find a convenient hour at which the bus may leave college for town every afternoon.

A. G. '23

## THE SOPHOMORE HOP A BIG SUCCESS

The weekend of the twenty-first of November was gven over entirely to the dance and entertainments which the Sophomore class gave to the Seniors. On Friday night, the first big affair in the program took place—the Mardi Gras Carnival. The gymnasium was decorated beyond recognition; the Japanese tea-garden on the stage with the moon behnd it, and the artificial ceiling of streamers and balloons contributed a spirit of joy and fun to the occasion. The girls appeared in all sorts of masquerade costumes and this added even more to the informality of the party. Aside from the regularly arranged series of dances and entertainments were the unusual features of a gypsy fortune-teller, a native spring of bubbling cave water, and a tea-garden where iced-tea and candy were served by Freshmen charmingly attired in red.

Between the dances the Sophomores entertained the company. These entertainments were in this order:

"The Announcement of the News"—

The Sophomores had taken over the Connecticut College News for one week, and this edition was devoted to the frviolities of the Hop. Two little girls in green with masculine partners danced and sang to the effect of "Please buy the News!"

"Percy—From the Fil-lums!"—

Percy was just an ordinary "Percy" confessing to the delights of his life in the moves. (I dare say he was from Dartmouth!)

"My Heart Is for the American Girl"—

While a little American officer received the girls of England, Spain, France, Italy, and Ireland, he sang of their attraction. When the American girl entered, the others disappeared and the war-time fear of the "girls over here" disappeared as they danced together.

"The Spanish Senorita"—

Was shyly fascinating and spectacular.

"Pierrot and Pierriette"—

In a charming little French dance.

"The Older They Get, the More They Like Them"—

The girl in the organdie and ruffles sang of the attractions of the white-haired gentlemen—nay, more—she danced with them!

"Somebody's Sweetheart"—

The vision in blue appealed to everyone in this song.

"City of Dreams"—

The last feature of the program was also sung by the vision in blue, with the assistance of a "gentleman" partner. They met, they made love, they danced—they left, with the remark: "No one will find us, for we'll leave the world behind us in our City of Dreams."

Then there the last dance among the confetti and streamers with the dim light of one lantern—and the first night was over!

On Saturday night the great affair of the week-end—the Hop itself, was held. The orchestra was doubled, both in numbers, and "pep," and the dance

(Continued on Page 5, col. 1)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS.

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Wednesday throughout the college year, from October t June, except during mid-year and vacations .



Entered as second class matter at New London, Connecticut August 5, 1919 under act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription price: per year (30 issues) $1.25; by mail, $1.60.

Printed by the Telegraph Company, New London, Connecticut.

Material for the News should reach the News Editor or be left in the News Office before 8 a. m. on Friday. The name of the writer must accompany every manuscript. The article may also be signed as the writer wishes to be printed.

## Girls and the Weather

Did you ever know that you can read people by the weather? That does sound ridiculous, for it is the weather itself that we are always trying to read. It is usually accepted as the uncertain element about which one can endlessly speculate. Yet if you will stop to think a moment you will see how the weather may be a barometer of the characters of individuals. not only physically, but mentally. The explanation lies in the way people are affected by it—not only physically but mentally.

The next time the w'nd rages and tears around our campus, as it has a habit of doing, notice the people about you. Here, utterly cowed, one comes indoors from the violence of the wind. o her this wind is a thing of fury, beating, and buffetting her about, seeking to conquer her and to destroy all. She sees no challenge in the w'nd, no battle cry to make it an even fight with honors to the best one. She only fights blindly, almost frantically trying to free herself from a thing which seeks to harm her. She shirks her duties from fear of a fre'h encounter. Timidity governs her and she cannot comprehend the joy that comes with the courage to face elemental forces.

Then you see the person who glories in this same wind, whose every movement expresses joy and zest in the battle. It is something tangible to her, over which she must show herself master. Thus she fights, and comes glowing, from the encounter.

Rain, too, is as true a test as wind. But she who does not like the wind does not like the rain. It is so wet, makes such sloppy walking, and is so altogether nasty, indeed she takes no pleasure in it.

But the virile out-of-door person accepts the challenge of the ra.n as she did that of the wind, nor does she lessen her fine spirit. Sloppy weather is to her not even a necessary evil—but is simply an occurence that, like any other th'ng, has its own accompanying pleasure.

Even the sun stands as an indicator of character. Of course in the face of brilliant, happy sunshine everybody experiences a sense of well-being. The method of its enjoyment is vastly different varying with the person. Our shrinking, querulous friend expands to an attitude of indolence. For her the fine weather contains no more challenge than the bad. It is merely something to be enjoyed.

How different is the other's reaction. Again she feels a challenge, the desire to fight, to accomplish things, to do and to dare.

Of these two characters, which would you rather be? Which are you? The shirker or the fighter, the negative atom in l'fe or the positive one?

A. G.

## College Cliques

One of the greatest delights of college life is obtained from association with other students. It is inevitable that a number of students with similar tastes should enjoy each other and tend to have their good times together. The close comradeship of college life opens to every student a door into a new life of different experiences. In the first few weeks when a clique is formed, the stories of these different experiences are a constant source of pleasure to the group. There is always something delightfully new and interesting to discuss and time is never slow. During these first weeks when the newly formed "clique" is proving so delightful, it is very hard to see that danger sign which is looming up in the distance. But it is there bearing the warning sign "STOP AND THINK."

Thought will inevitably give rise to such questions as, "What am I really obtaining from my college year?" "What am I giving that should make these returns full and rich?" "Am I living too much within my own set?" "Am I moving along with the tide and letting some of the best things of college life pass me by?"

Perhaps already these questions have been seeking a solution in the minds of the readers. They must be faced squarely and answered honestly While the year is still young, and we are laying our plans for the college days before us, let take time to find the solution to these questions. Then our plans may be so laid that we may fit together in a unified whole all the elements of college life.

E. J.

## Humility

The church was quiet and dim and dark—not a breath broke the awful stillness—not an obect moved, save the little red gleam of the altar lamp.

I knelt in the last pew, on the outer-most verge of darkness. Mechanically, I drew my rosary from my pocket, and slowly, one by one, the opaque beads slipped through my fingers. As I continued deeply absorbed in my prayer, the day with all its blackness and failures loomed before me. Slowly, came the recollections that this day I had failed miserably and utterly * * * I.

Slowly, softly, imperceptibly, the

But here, slowly, softly, imperceptibly, the prelude of the organ broke the quietness, as the black-cassocked figure of the priest mounted the altar, and caused the light of fourteen pale tapers to struggle into existence. Suddenly the significance of it all flashed upon me—it was the benediction.

After the sweet, soft, harmonious melody of the organ had echoed and re-echoed from the top-most recesses of the arches, the melodious voices of the choir burst forth in a chant of praise. The beauty and unfathomableness of it all, filled me with a deep, indescribable feeling which amounted almost to ecstacy. I, too, tried to join in the hymn, but a sense of my own unworthiness prompted me to cover my mouth with my hand before any sound had escaped.

Yes—here I knelt (with my limitless presumption)—imploring mercy—I, who had that day refused to give a spark of affection to one longing for love. Ah, yes! I realized now as those pleading eyes penetrated my very soul, that I might have given it. But I had misunderstood or mocked the need reflected in those eyes, and I had passed on. Again I—now on bended knee—had deliberately refused to forgive the shortcomings of another. My helplessness and utter dejection overcame me, and I cried out in my despair.

The organ had ceased, and through the wreaths of gray, transparent incense, the priest was giving his blessing. I, with the others, bowed low to receive the blessing; and, in this moment of humble supplication, a change was wrought in my soul. Realization came to me that through the failures of the day, I had learned the great lesson of Christian humility.

E. C. '20.

## A Night in a Canoe

Stars gleaming down on you from above; mists silently joining hands on all sides to rise presently in strange, vague almost human figures as they begin their mystic dance with the waves and beckon to you with shadowy fingers; over you the cool night wind blowing with a warm caress now and then as though someone had stooped and breathed over you faintly; always that soft indescribable rocking, rocking of the canoe until your body, lying straight and motionless, becomes a part of the eternal motion of the waves and stars, and you float from the stream of consciousness into the flowing sea of sleep—

About four o'clock you wake with a start to find the prow of your canoe nosing into a little cove, and the waning moon slipping down between two ghostly pines on a hill, shrouded in land-mist. A dog barks in the distance; a lonely owl close at hand wings its silent flight across the face of the moon, after a faithful night's vigil. You sink back to sleep again.

An hour later the eastern sky is beginning to flush with the first signs of dawn; and the mist, seeing the signal, gathers itself together as slowly and solemnly as it came, and silently slips away. Your canoe has turned again in the wind and the camp tents lie beyond calling you to a new day.

K. H. '20

## Little Brothers

The dictionary defines a brother as a "male person in his relation to the other children of the same parent or parents," but to one who has a brother how inadequate that very ample deoverlooks the fact that brothers may be divided into two classes—big brothers and little brothers—and so, of course it completely ignors their respective differentia. Since I have never had a big brother, I do not feel qualified to define him, but the little brother—finition seems! First of all, it entirely. Ah, he is my strong point!

A little brother is a child of the same parents yes, we will grant that, but is the fact illuminating? Can we visualize a little brother, or his characterist.cs after such an explanation? No, indeed! Therefore, I will try to add a bit to the definition by g.ving an illustration from life.

Little Brother arises at seven, every moning—at least Father wakes him at seven. He always protests, however, that he is too tired to get up, or that the room is too cold, or that he doesn't want to go to school. At last, he drags himself out of bed and begins to dress. Dressing is a difficult and protracted operation with a small brother. When the stocking is drawn over one leg, a robin is discovered on the front lawn, and must be examined with the aid of opera-glasses. Then when the other stocking is laboriously put on, a rare and peculiar bug is located on the roof of the porch outside Brother's windows. By the time Gilbert is ready to wash. it is nearly eight o'clock; but the washing is a simple matter, because of abbreviations. His ears, he thinks, are to hear with and are not ornaments, therefore it is unnecessary to wash them. His teeth are to chew with, and not to clean. The central part of his face and his hands, up to the wrist, are gently washed—gently, because yesterday some boy and he had a wrestling match and his hands and face were "injured." Then with his hair neatly brushed, he goes down to breakfast, late, but serene. Mother, from her place at the table, sees Small Brother enter and notices the unwashed sections, as the morning sun shines on his d.rty, little face. Mother sends him back upstairs to brush his teeth and wash. By the time he returns, he has to hurry his breakfast and run for the car to go to school.

There is peace until four, the hour of his return. He invariably bangs the screen door, wears his rubbers into the house, and forgets to remove his hat. His first quest on is, "Where's Mother?" He straightway goes and tells her that he is home, an unecessary piece of information since the entire house knows the very minute of his entry. Then he starts to do his studying. Does he sit down voluntarily, and carefully write out h's lessons? Oh, no, it is a compulsory matter. Mother, demands that the exercises be done before he goes to play—therefore Small Brother grasps his book, scowls and begins to study. Presently he calls, "What country is north of France, Mother, Mother, Mother?" with a rising inflection on each MOTHER,

"Gilbert, remember, Ethel is studying too." "Well, if I can't ask a question or two without her dying—why I'll—" and he stops for want of a strong enough expression.

Soon the lesson is completed, after a fashion, and he departs for a ball game. He returns, breathless, with a lump on one cheek, one shoe wet, his hand cut and his necktie lost. He dresses for dinner—at least he does what he calls dressing for dinner, a procedure which consists mainly of wiping his face on a clean towel, putting on a necktie and brushing his hair. At dinner he calmly announces that he was a good boy in school; the teacher spoke to him only three times!

Dinner over. Quiet reigns until Mother announces that it is bedtime and then—who said argument? No, it is not an argument, for Mother says nothing, it is a monologue consisting of one thousand reasons why he shouldn't go to bed at eight o'clock. Finally however, he goes, and then he calls for Mother to tuck him into bed. I go up and peep into h's room and wonder! For there, in bed, lies a pink-

(Continuedon Page 5, col. 1)

## The Thtnksgiving Spirit

This is the Thanksgiving season and we would do well to pause for a moment in the midst of festivities to think of some of the things for which we should be truly thankful. Perchance we may catch something of the real significance of the day, and cultivate the spirit of the Pilgrim fathers who instituted it for us. Let us think of the experiences through which they passed. A tiny band of them, one hundred in number less than a year before that first Thanksgiving day, had landed on the bleak shores of New England. They had left their friends and loved ones, everything that was dear to them; and were beginning life in a new world for the sake of what they believed to be right. At the end of the first winter, half their number had perished from the bitterness of the weather and from lack of proper food and care. They had given their lives for a great ideal; they preferred to suffer and die rather than to go back and give up their principles. In spite of all sorrows and hardships those who were left set aside a special day on which to thank the Almighty God for His goodness and care over them.. I wonder how many of us would have had their courage and faith if we had just passed through experiences like these. Yet there are some of our number who have had bitter experiences recently. Our country has just passed through war. It has touched us all to a certain extent, some much more than others. There are those to-day who have had to give up dear ones, just as the Pilgrims did, for the sake of a great ideal. Are we strong enough to keep our faith in God even as they did, when perhaps one dearer to us than life itself is gone? There are many who have not had to sacrifice to this extent; those persons should be doubly thankful. History tells that the Pilgrims thanked God for the harvest even though it was scanty, and in spite of the fact that they foresaw that unless supplies came from Europe they would be reduced to the point of starvation. How many of us are truly thankful that we have enough to eat. Probably not one of us has even for a single day, gone hungry. The war has made us realize what a food shortage might be like, occasonally we have wondered whether in the months ahead there would be enough for all, but we have not really suffered. And so, in the midst of our happiness, let us be thankful for a few minutes, let us praise God with a thankful heart for food enough to eat; let us thank Him even more for clear minds and the ability to think; and if we have had to sacrifice because of the war, let us hold to our faith in Him, believing that while He is in His heaven , "all's right with the world."

F. A. H. '23..

## The Woman of It

An artist passing by the old Gayle homestead on this summer morning would have found for his brush a subject which was more than passing fair. Orchards of pink and white apple blossoms, narrow lanes bordered by elms leading up from the meadow where irises grow, a rambling old farmhouse nestling, and a woman sitting on the broad stone step there with a basket of berries beside her, make a picture which would have challenged the artist to transfer this wealth of beauty to canvas.

An economist making a survey of conditions on country farms would have taken keen satisfaction in noting that the bloom in the orchard was a promise of an abundant harvest, that the acres of land stretching far away behind the newly-painted house and neatly-kept outbuildings were well-cultivated, and that the movements of the woman on the doorstep in the sun were quickly and efficiently made.

Just a casual passer-by neither in search of artistic subjects nor economic values, would have remarked that here was a typical old-fashioned New England homestead of the better sort, the mistress of which was enjoying herself in the warm summer out-of-doors while she performed her morning task.

A neighbor from the village stopping in to pass the time of day would have seen that Martha Gayle was looking a trifle less handsome, a bit more weary than she had done on any other similar June morning since she had come as David's bride to the Gayle household.

Martha was just as glad that none of these possible travellers did come by, for much as she craved to get in touch with the great, wide world beyond the orchard and the meadow, she was not at present in a mood for conversation. A vague unhappiness that had long rankled within her was now emerging in a bitterness of spirit that revolted vehemently against the loneliness, barrenness and drudgery of the farm life; even against David himself. She felt weak and confused in the presence of this powerful force which was tearing down the very foundations of her moral nature. For Martha, a true descendant of Puritanical forebears, had been religously bred in the New England doctrine of obedience. Never before had she called into question the motto which was the watchword of her life, "Thy Will be done." Ever since she had lisped, "Children, obey thy parents," until the day when she had promised, "to love, cherish, and obey" David she had interpreted "Thy Will" as dutifulness toward loved ones. And in all the twenty years that had followed, her ideal had been to be a good wife and mother, a neat house keeper, and a pillar in the village church. She was convinced that she hadn't faltered in living up to this standard, and yet there was unhappiness in her soul; the wretchedness born of a hundred and one unfulfilled desires threatened to tear away the fibers of her self-control and self-respect.

Long ago, she had tried very hard not to mind because David had converted the south lot into a potato patch when she had hoped to have it for a rose-garden. She had called herself a fool because she had felt so badly when her husband had used all the surplus profit from the crops for new farm implements without leaving any money with which to buy new furniture and wall-paper for the parlor. She told herself that he had been quite right in saying that the paper wasn't old and that the hair-cloth chairs and sofa which had been his mother's pride were good enough for his wife. So ever since then, Martha had conscientiously dusted the ugly horse-hair things and had tried not to see the profusion of red poppies blooming perennially in conventional designs on a grass-green background She had been ashamed of the tears that had come to her eyes when David had told a book-agent that he "guessed they didn't need anything that he had to sell;"they had "the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress and some books on church history besides the almanac, a farm magazine and a weekly newspaper." So the agent had gone away with his beautiful gilt-edged volumes of Tennyson. Longfellow and Whittier, and Martha had silently served dinner while David remarked that there wasn't much time for reading and the like o' that for folks who had anything to do in this world.

Somewhat later Martha had protested when David told the hired man to tear down the Virginia creeper that covered the corner of the house from the foundation to the roof, but the reply had been that "vines stain the paint and rot the shingles." In disappointment, the young wife had sought comfort by playing hymns on the reed organ which for several decades had been the joy of the Gayle family. The ancient instrument squeaked or growled, accordingly as the notes struck were high or low, but of course one could not afford a piano when new harnesses were needed for the driving horses. David had always prided himself upon his five, high-spirited teams.

Thus the year had gone by and the Gayles had become known among the townsfolks of Ponsett as an exceptionally prosperous and happy family. Why shouldn't they be with many acres of land which yielded enough products to enable the owners to add considerably from time to time to the little nest egg deposited in the city bank thirty-five miles away. Then, too, Providence had given them three splendid sons, two of whom were almost grown to manhood; sturdy, hardworking chaps who were held up as models before the more restless youths of the neighborhood who wanted to leave the country for an education in the city. People were a bit skeptical about the future career of the youngest Gayle, little Jamesie, who was a queer child always wandering off in the fields to pick flowers for his mother, or else going out in the woods to talk with the birds and squirrels. Martha had a way of catching her breath as though something within her responded with a poignant little quiver at the thought of Jamesie. Ever since baby Ruth had died, there had been a very warm spot in the mother-heart for this impractical child, as the village-folk called him; the child who, his Father said, would grow up into a ne'er-do-well. Not infrequently when David had wanted him to go into the fields, Martha had interposed in the boy's behalf, saying that he was to young to work; that he would have to leave his play in the great out-of-doors soon enough. Martha reflected that perhaps her youngest would be better off without her to encourage him in his foolishness. Perhaps.—the thought was so new and startling that Martha overturned the berries.—perhaps it would be just as well for everyone if she were to go away for a long while, several weeks or months David and the older boys didn't need her: Granny Wilson could keep house for them willingly and completely. and Granny would never feel like going mad when she dusted the horsehair furniture. And as for Jamesie,—Martha swallowed hard and went into the house.

"Children get over things quickly," she thought defiantly, as uneasy and distrait, she let the vegetables burn. She told herself that it wasn't right for a woman to live with her husband when she felt toward him as she had felt toward David that very morning when a trifling incident had epitomized the whole situation as it had come to exist for them. It had been one of those rare mornings when the Eastern sky had blazed with crimson and orange fading into pale gold and rose after the sun had risen. Martha had stood in the doorway looking out through the mists slowly rising from the meadows, drinking in the glory of the sunrise as a thirsty creature drinks from the woodland pool. With the wonder of it all shining in her eyes, she had caught David by the arm and silently pointed toward the East.

"Don't be hindering me," he had said as he freed himself and moved toward the table. "Ain't my oatmeal ready? I just bought a heifer from Jones yesterday and I've got to go over after her by seven o'clock."

Without a word, the porridge had been put upon the table.—Martha hadn't cared for any,—the breakfast dishes done, the rooms put in order, and now it was nearly time for dinner. In a few minutes David and the boys would be in to wash up. Martha shuddered. She couldn' t tell them that she had made up her mind to go to Cousin Helen's in the city where she could read and attend art lectures and go to operas to her heart's content. There would be chicken money enough of her own for the car-fares and entertainments and she could earn her keep by helping with the housework. She wouldn't think of asking David for a week for a vacaton. He wouldn't understand. No man of their acquaintance, not even Cyrus Willoughby who was the richest man in town, ever gave his wife money for such a purpose. No, she would just leave a note according to the time-honored custom of unhappy wives who all through the ages have found it necessary to go away from home for the sake of preserving their own souls Of course Martha didn't know that generations past, lonely women have found themselves obliged to leave their firesides in response to the calling of the world to come out to develop the resources of their own natures. She only felt that she was doing a strange and dreadful but very necessary thing. Her eyes were dumb with the helpless misery that one sometimes sees in the faces of wrongly-punished little children, but her lips were firm with the determination of one who has just come to the realization that she is the Captain of her Fate, the Mistress of her soul.

Silent, puzzled, weary, she did not look up as David and the older boys came in, only when Jamesie brought her a bunch of faded wild roses the mother paused to crush the flowers, thorns and all, in her hands, and to kiss his cheek, which was an unusual sign of demonstration, even for Martha.

During the dinner hour Father and sons talked of the new heifer, of mowing and harvesting the hay, of the prospects of the weather for the morrow, while they helped themselves to large second pieces of short-cake; their way of showing appreciation of a delicious dessert. Martha gathered from their conversation that their work would keep them in the fields until late that afternoon. So much the better for her; their absence would give plenty of time in which to assemble her ward-robe, write the note saying that she had gone to Cousin Helen's for a spell and that they could drive over and ask Granny to keep house for them while she was gone. Martha had been unable to think farther than that; she would arrange for the future more definitely when she would have a chance to think things out a bit. Four o'clock found her down the lane, her eyes straight ahead toward the highway leading to the village depot. Catching a glimpse of her men working in the field, she halted for a moment then resolutely continued down the path.

Had she a right to do the thing that she was about to do? Of course any woman had a right to go away for a rest when she needed it; that is, for a short rest, Martha assured herself. The only difficulty lay in the fact that it was not an habitual custom for country women to leave their duties, but city women did it frequently. Why there were many such boarders in the village now. But even if a woman had the legal right to go away for a short time, had she moral right to do so? Especially if her husband had never been mean to her, and certainly David had never been that. He had never blamed her for the high cost of living expenses, nor had he stinted her when she had occasionally asked for new clothes for herself and Jamesie. Moroeover, he was throughly upright and honest, no man could have possessed more temperate habits or a stricter sense of justice than this son of Pilgrim forefathers. It was not that there was anything wrong with David: that was just the pity of it all. Had Martha been more versed in formal education she would have said

that she and David were incompatible; as it was, she only knew that there was a pitiful gulf of misunderstanding between them. She began to wonder in a frightened way if she had ever really loved him at all. There had been devotion to one whom she had known since girlhood, but was this affection based on anything deeper than an attachment to that which had for a long time been familiar? Coupled with this passive fondness, there was respect for David's honest integrity. But were these two elements of love enough to hold them together without a stronger bond of common interest to cement the union? Distressed, uncertain, perplexed, the newly-emancipated wife reached the station where she sat down to rest for a minute before buying her ticket.

"Well, well, if it ain't Marthy Gayle. I hevn't seen you startin' out on a voyage more'n a couple o' times since your weddin'-day." Eben Stiles, station agent at Ponsett Depot for "nigh onto half a century" as he proudly informed every one with whom he came in contact, beamed at the traveller with a smile of heartiest congratulation upon her adventuresome spirit.

"Do you know," he continued without waiting for Martha to say anything,"my woman and I were talking about you two folks to-day. I was sayin' that you had made David an uncommon good wife for anybody so young and purty and full o' spirits as you was when you married him.

My woman said so too, but she thought 'twas a pity that you was tied up so close to your work now that the young uns was bigger. I reckon she'll be tickled to death to hear that you're goin' away for a spell. Women is differ-'nt 'n men that way; they're oneasy somehow as I says to my Mary when she packs up her duds to go down country to see our married darter. Oneasy, that's it," and Eben shook his head gravely in the manner of one who has just delivered himself of words of wisdom.

Martha smiled wanly. "A good wife to David, a good wife to David," was singing itself through her brain.

"What's the news out your way?" Eben continued. "Heard there was some excitement out on one of the farms an hour ago or so. Prob'ly you saw the fella that just went by as you was comin' up the road. He was drivin' terrific fast, going to get a doctor for somebody, he hollered. I couldn't make out much o' what he said. He was in a powerful hurry. All I could get was that a team in a hay field got scared at sumthin' and run, and that the man and the young un on the load was thrown off and hurt. I didn't catch the name," the station-master finished tranquilly as he lit his pipe.

"Some one in a hay field. Horses ran. Got hurt,"—Martha's words were jerky. She had left home a little more than an hour ago.

"I wouldn't get all fashed up about it now. Prob'ly no one you knew much, and like as not nothin' more'n a rib or two got broke," Eben said kindly.

"No, maybe not," Martha's voice was calmer, but her face was very white. "A good wife to David" sang itself through her brain. "But now he is hurt, maybe dead," was the refrain.

And a "young un" thrown, too. Eben Stiles took his pipe from his mouth and as though under a spell, watched Martha Gayle clutch her black bag and wallet in her hand as she literally ran down the road and disappeared around the bend.

"Wal, I never. Women is queer," and this time Eben shook his head despairingly.

As Martha hurried back toward home all the kindnesses that David had ever shown her passed through her mind in quick succession.

There had been the time when she had fallen on the ice and had broken her ankle. David, heavily built man that he was, had lifted her as tenderly as he would have taken a little child in his arms and carried her into the house where he had bathed the broken member until the arrival of the doctor. Then there was the terrible winter when she had gone down into the Valley of the Shadow because of typhoid pneumonia, and David had sat by her bedside night after night while the day nurse slept. With vivid clarity, she recalled the day when Baby Ruth had died and David, in his awkward fashion, had put his arm about her shoulders and had brokenly tried to comfort her. But the memory of one incident had burned itself into her heart more deeply than the others That was the recollection of the day scarcely more than a year ago when David, the epitome of suffering, had brought Jamesie, limp and to all appearances dead, from the road where an auto had struck him. It was not so much the feeling of relief and rejoicing that she had experienced when the doctor had said that her boy would recover, that touched her now, but the remembrance of the look of glorification upon the father's face when Dr. Snow had said that Jamesie would get well.

Blinded with tears, aching of heart, Martha stumbled up the broad stone steps of her home, not daring to look in for fear of what she might find there. Then at the sound of a childish voice, she turned to see a load of hay come creeping up the road through the meadow; in the driver's place was David and perched beside him on a big mound of freshly-mown grass was Jamesie with another bunch of faded wild roses in his hand. There was just time to slip into her kitchen dress and to tear up the tell-tale note when they drove into the yard.

While she was preparing supper and all during the meal, the glow of a new-found happiness radiated from Martha's whole being.

"You've put in a long day,' she ventured half-shyly without looking up as she poured the tea, but her voice was very tender.

"You're right, Marthy. It hez been a long while since the sun riz. You see, we had the whole west lot to mow, and then we were hindered by a runaway in the Gibbins lot. The horses got scared and run up past where we wuz 'fore we got 'em. Ez Gibbin and his boy was thrown, but they wasn't hurt bad. Ez cracked his collar bone and the boy broke his arm but they wuz lucky to get out of it alive, as I told his wife when we toted 'em up to the farm," David explained.

"Yes, very lucky," Martha murmured.

When the supper things had been washed and Jamesie put to bed Martha Gayle joined her husband where he sat smoking on the front veranda. He turned and motioned her to pull a chair up beside his Clearing his voice, he began slowly to make the longest speech of his life.

"There was somethin' in your face this noon, Marthy, that set me to thinkin'. 'Peared as if you were onhappy and tired-like; sort of discouraged with life in gen'ral. As I figerred it out while I was working', it came to me that maybe things look different to a woman like you than to an old feller like me. After I've been out in the lots or the woods all day long I don't want nuthin' more'n to set down and watch you putterin' around or talkin' to the young un. Or it's enough to smoke my pipe out here, 'n' watch the fog settle on the meadow 'n' the moon come up by the elms out yonder, 'n' to listen to the noises that the night things make. I'm not much on talkin' sentiment, 'nd I reckon that sometimes durin' the day when I'm hustlin' with things I fergit to appreciate Nature 'n' all that. When I'm out there with the boys I fergit too that maybe you're lonesome in the house here. 'Tisn't much for a woman never to hev nuthin' to look forard to but seein' a tired man that don't know how to talk 'bout sunsets 'nd music and all the things that a woman likes to talk about. So I made up my mind that 'twould do you good to go away for a spell, maybe to Helen's where you could hev a good time. One o' the neighbors could manage to look arter us till you got back, Marthy."

For a long minute Martha sat very still as she watched the fog creep over the meadows and the moon come up behind the elm trees. There was no sound except the low hum of the night creatures and Jamesie's even breathing as he slept in the next room.

Then with her hand on David's arm, Martha answered, "That is very good of you, David, to think for me like that, but if you don't mind I'd rather just stay here with you and the boys."

## On Huckleberrying

When we read of the old Maytime festivals in England, the gayeties of fete-days in the Latin countries, the frolics of Midsummers' Eve, and the "Kerry dances" of Ireland, we sigh that we have not these pleasant customs. And yet there is something which might be called our summer festival. It shows its New England origin in being practical and thrifty as well as sociable and friendly. It is not alone for the country dwellers; everyone may taste its pleasures. Is there anyone who, at some time in his life, has not gone huckleberrying?

What fun it was to start off in the early morning, one of a gay crowd, swinging baskets and drumming on tin pails. Some careless spirits carried their lunch in the baskets; but the prudent tucked it away in pockets, safe from mischievous brothers or greedy acquaintances. The sun was not too hot; everyone was in a good temper, the goodness of which did not always endure, especially when at the end of the lane, at the big barred gate, the party stopped to decide which way to go. There were two favorite routes. You might follow the wagon road down the slope over the little bridge, past the gray cottage among the firs, across a pasture and a brook (where almost invariably some one fell in) thread your way through a tangle of bull-briars, and soon come out upon a path which would lead you straight to Meeting-house Hill. That way was the more direct, but you always got badly scratched in the briars, and it was ever so much hotter than the path through Shady Lane.

The latter was generally chosen. You turned to the left, skipped over the stepping stones in the hollow, climbed the hill past the old Giles' cabin, wiggled through the barbed wire fence and started off into the woods. Here the wagon-road was shadowed by the bending trees and bushes; a group of slender white birches marked a curve; dark firs were outlined against the rocks. The clinking pails woke the dewy stillness of this cool valley, and careless hands touching leafy bushes shattered the delicate dewlaced cobwebs that moved with each breath of wind. On past the towering, creviced Jumping Rocks; past the huge, gray old tree where generations of boys had cut their names, risking broken legs and necks to climb higher than their friends; on through Shady Lane where the moss was deep and soft; down into the valley where a foaming brook tumbled over lichen-covered stones and wound past the bare roots of fallen trees; and up a rocky, twisting path which led its unwary followers through a patch of briars Then finally, out on the broad stony hilltop, where the huckleberry bushes were at last discovered.

There the party immediately separated. The steady, plodding members always began to pick at the first bush they came to, and stayed there until the last berry was gone. The others wandered from place to place: shouts of "Look at my bush"—""I've got a better one!"—"Come on down here! Got some big fellows!"—grew fainter and fainter; and only the flash of the pails and an occasional would-be jodel would indicate how far the restless ones had strayed.

But they are all together for lunch. It is pretty hot on the hilltop, and the shade of a low-spreading pine is very welcome. The people who brought oranges are very popular. Some one turns up, cross and hungry, with an empty basket, and tells a sad tale about leaving his berries and his lunch under a bush and coming back only to find the basket tipped over and old red cow standing among the ruins. Everyone helps him fill his basket again; and then they all start home; tired and hot, but happy.

It is almost as much fun to go huckleberrying alone. The only danger here is that without the force of example, you are likely to neglect filling your pail. while you enjoy the scenery, or pick flowers, or investigate winding paths which have no bushes to remind you of what you came for.

Elizabeth Woodbridge, in one of her pleasant essays, says that a small boy is an ideal companion for a berrying trip. I do not quite agree with this. A small boy is too energetic. His mind is fixed on huckleberries, and he does not appreciate the charm of simple wandering. He is impatient if you stand looking off to the Sound which lies smooth and gleaming in the sun; at the ships which, far off raise white sails against the blue summer sky; at the gentle, green slopes of pastures; at the slender, white steeple that rises out of the trees. But if you are in the mood for picking, his presence may lure you onto more diligent industry, and you may end by beating him at his own game. You share his anticipation of the pies and puddings, and you forget being torn and scratched.

But this pleasant pastime, like so many others, is being sadly changed and modernized. The boys nowadays do not make journeys to the old tree by the jumping rocks; there is no more fierce rivalry to see who can cut his name the highest. And people say to you: "Won't you come with us to Lord's Cove, on Sunday? We're going in the car, to get some berries."

Go huckleberrying in a motor! It is almost as if one were to imagine the Kerry dancing being accompanied by a jazz band. No, that is not the way. The real devotee will walk all the paths, battle with briars, and carry his own burdens. Half the joy of the whole affair is the coming back, weighed down with basket and pail. He is tired and hot as he strikes into the dusty lane; but he looks at the shiny, black berries, he is happy. Not even the sight of friends, in cool fresh clothes, can depress him; though he knows that his canvas shoes are splashed with mud, his arms are a tracery of scratches, his face is a fiery red, and there is a hole in his hat. No matter. He has the berries.

L. R. '21.

## The Sophomore Hop

(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)

was a glorious one from start to finish. There was the same soothing atmosphere, a combination of soft lights and decorations of evergreen and many-colored streamers. The floor was filled with happy people and as dance after dance went on until one minute before twelve, accordingly did the spirit of joy increase among the participants. The whole affair was a success; the guests left singing, laughing, and all happy in the memory of a good time. The college will bear pleasant memories of this week-end for a long time to come. To repeat the decication of the last dance, "'20 and '22 Forever!"— So say we all.

## Little Brothers

(Continued from Page 4, col. 4)

cheeked, freshly bathed angel, with blue eyes, curling lashes, and light hair. Can this be the naughty boy of a short time ago, the boy of this afternoon who wouldn't do his lessons, who would fight and who wouldn't wash? It really doesn't seem as if it could be he, but surely it is; for little brothers are beings inexplicable only to those elders who either have never been nor had "little brothers" or else have forgotten that time.

D. P. '23

## Current Events

### Prince of Wales.

The future King of England has won the hearts of the Americans! His visit to the United States is expected "to strengthen the ties of amity and communal interest between Great Britain and the United States." The reception given to Prince Edward by New Yorkers, typifies the American admiration for a young man, who, although heir to a throne, carries himself like a true democrat. His boyish friendliness, delight and appreciation of the enthusiastic welcome accorded him, have done more than he knows, to bring the Americans into closer sympathy with the English people. To be sure, America and Britain are more closely connected than they were sixty years ago when the former Prince of Wales who later became Edward VII was entertained here. The very difference in welcome, in the attitude of the people marks the progress toward closer friendship between the two English speaking nations. "No better wish can be made for the visitor of today than that he may equal King Edwards contribution to the welfare of his country and the world."

### Lady Astor

Lady Nancy Astor has attracted much notice in England by announcing herself as a candidate to succeed her husband, Waldorf Astor, in the House of Commons. This is of especial interest because she is fighting English tradition in two ways. The British may be willing to allow the precedent of a woman's sitting in Parliament to be created, but it is a question whether they will allow that precedent to be created by a woman of American birth. . It is for this reason that Americans are so vitally interested in the returns of the election.

### The Peace Treaty

"The treaty of Peace with Germany after a long and bitter parliamentary struggle, came to a vote in the Senate and in each of three tests was defeated." The Lodge reservations were beaten and must go over to the next session of this Congress which meets December first. After the Lodge resolution for ratification had been voted down, Senator Underwood, Democrat, of Alabama, offered a resolution of ratification without reservations. Previously, Senator Lodge had "blocked all efforts of the Democrats to obtain a vote on any resolution to be voted upon." One Republican, Senator McCumber of North Dakota, voted for it. "The vote on this resolution ended the efforts of the minority to save the treaty. It is expected that President Wilson will present the treaty at the next session in December" "The treaty is dead through the votes of the Democratic minority" said Senator Lodge.

Senator McCumber offered an amendment to the committee reservations, Number One, providing for the acceptance of all reservations adopted by the Senate by three of the principal signatories, the McCumber amendment eliminating the provision for acceptance." This was offered in an effort to bring the Democrats to the support of the treaty. This reservation Number One. has been denounced by President Wilson as impossible of acceptance.

It might be interesting to see just what people think about this treaty. In the Yale Review for October, Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar, writes of "Peace from a Cracker Barrel." He says in part: "the terms of the Peace Treaty are no great matter except for politics. Nobody can make capital of peace. We all wanted it, and we all have it. But the peace terms offered just the kind of talking issues that politicians love. Every public platform next year will start from them. The radicals will point to them as proof of the bonds of slavery into which capitalistic Europe and America would force us; indeed, in America, it means less than to any people. We are concerned mainly with the League Covenant in it, and some of the responsibilities which the League of Nations will stand for.

"When a man comes to ask what it does, he sees that for us it merely recognizes the fact that our way of settling disputes by making arbitration treaties with other nations is a very good way. It declares that we are willing to sign the same agreement with all reputable countries and to live up to the enforcement of the contract. Our international practice for a generation at least has been in accord with League principles. Our main reason for joining the League is to help everybody else to get away from the old competitive system of menacing armaments, and get back on a business basis with each other."

## Council Notes

All resident girls living off campus are cordially invited to become associate members of the four campus dormitories—Plant, Blackstone, Winthrop and Thames—and to use the reception rooms at any time.

The ice cream parlor in the Mohican Hotel is considered in the same light as Peterson's—that is, girls may go there unchaperoned until ten o'clock but they must not go through the lobby. They must use the side entrance.

## The Wearing of New Shoes

Although the "H. C. L." has made shoes a luxury, one is still able to enjoy new foot-wear at rare intervals. Recently I became the proud possessor of a pair of brown suedes, and reserved Sunday, the day of days, to break them in. Owing to a peculiar property of new foot-wear, all pedestrians were aware of my purchase. But why should I mind? The shoes, I knew, were of an excellent cut, and I was sure I could not help the squeak.

I continued my walk until it seemed as though my toes had been jammed into a single mass, and I knew that large white blisters had begun to form on my heels. Simultaneously, the corns on each of my little toes, began to sting with such fury, that I imagined they would soon be singing the popular air entitled, "Home, Sweet Home."

But I plodded along, although my step had long since ceased to be elastic. By this time, I am sure that distress was radiated from every feature of my countenance, but with a firm chin, I resolved to go to the service in spite of everything. As I crossed Fifth street, my heart sank within me, as my eye fell upon the startling ad—"Use Blue Jay Corn Plasters—Make Walking Easy." I stifled the rash words which rose to my lips, as I saw the menacing self-satisfied grins on the face of the two tramps—who had (from facial expression, at least) evidently used "Blue Jay."

Nourishing the vain delusion that I would enjoy a little rest in church, I hurried on. If I had hoped for a moment's relief, I was mistaken. My toes were just wiggling to get out of my shoes, and they throbbed so persistently that I was forced to bounce them around to the rythm of the pipe-organ. In desperation, I made an attempt to leave the church, but the squeak of those shoes proclaimed my intention to such a large number of pews, that I was forced to sit down in despair. And I, who had suffered martyrdom for one hour, had to endure a lengthy sermon on "Patience."

E. C. '20.

## Historical Sights of New London

Perhaps it is because we consider New London, territorially speaking, a small town or perhaps it is because we are living in New London that we often fail to appreciate the conspicuous place it holds in the history of our country. History is a story of the deeds of men, and men, in turn, are the makers of history. New London has produced many such men, founders of American History and while we are here on the very ground where these men lived and died it is only fitting that we should learn to know them and to associate with them the beauty and the sterling qualities expressed in the hills, and the waters, and the rocky levels which were their hills, their waters, and their homes.

New London has been the home of men prominent in war and in peace; men famed in literature, law, science, and statesmanship. For the state has produced four governors—John Winthrop, Fitz John Winthrop, Gurdon Saltonstall, and Thomas M. Waller. The first English oration pronounced at commencement at Cambridge in 1763 was delivered by General Jedediah Huntington who built the Elisha S. Palmer house in 1796. In the Revolutionary War he was appointed colonel of the Eighth Connecticut Regiment which was the best equipped of any in the colony. After the war he returned to New London where he spent the rest of his life. Upon his death he was buried in the Second Burial Ground on Broad Street, but later when this cemertery was converted into the present park, his body was disinterred and taken to Norwich.

The old Nathan Hale school building, standing on Union Street at the head of Golden, is a memorial to the man who taught school there in the year of 1774 From this school he went to join the forces of his country and to the noble and glorious death which all history commemorates.

In the company which attended Nathan Hale on his last adventure was Stephen Hempstead, a former officer of the little fort which stood on the parade. Hempstead was an ardent patriot and a brave defender of his native town—New London. When Arnold reached the town on September 6, 1781, Hempstead fled in answer to the alarm to his garrison at Fort Trumbull. When the garrison vacated Fort Trumbull, Hempstead went over to the fort on Groton Heights. Here he was wounded and left for dead A few hours later he was placed in a cart of wounded soldiers and rolled down the Groton Hill by the British. After the war he settled in New London, but in 1811 he moved to St. Louis. His son, Edward, was the first delegate to Congress west of the Mississippi.

There are many other names famed in the history of New London and of the United States with which we must become acquainted. When we have visited the haunts of these patriots and statesmen there will still be a whole new field for us to explore in the realm of literature peopled with men whose home was New London. We love to walk through Bolleswood and along the country roads, but sometimes let us, in our rambles visit the old homes of these founders and defenders of our country.

## Exchanges

**Hunter College**—Twenty-five years ago Lenox Hill Settlement was founded by Hunter College. The settlement first occupied a small house in East 72nd street but later they moved to East 69th street The students are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary with a bazaar for the benefit of the Settlement.

**Barnard**—A new scholarship will be offered during the second semester for a student of Dutch ancestry who is in need of scholarship aid.

**The Standard of Mount Holeyoke College**—Because of the criticism on the part of certain alumnae that the standard of Mount Holyoke was unreasonably high and the grading too severe a committee was appointed to inyestigate conditions. The findings of this committee follow:

1. There is no difference between the requirements of Mount Holyoke and those of other institutions of high rank.
2. There is a correlation between high school work and college work and the grades for freshman work are about what would be expected from high school records.
3. The quality of the students entering Mount Holyoke and the standard of scholarship maintained by them compares very favorably with the quality of students and the standard of scholarship in other similar institutions.

The result of the Freshman psychological test prove that of the class of 1923, 102 were super-superior; 37 were superior and 2 were average. The highest grade was 191 and thelowest was 91. The class average was 150. The girl receiving the highest grade was 110 ahead of a member of the faculty who took the same test.

### Student Government

To people of a mathametical mind and to many others figures often mean more than words. Perhaps these people will be interested in the figures which the Student Government treasurer has handed in as representing her collection on pay day. She reports the total income received os $1523.31.